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Autumn

Hold fast my hand, and walk with me
Far from the noisy town
Where quiet fields all golden lie
And leaves are russet brown.

'Tis autumn time, and on the hills
The purple shadows lie
While fleecy clouds like phantom ships
Are sailing in the sky.

'Tis harvest time, and all around
One breathes the perfumed air
Of ripened fruits, and garnered grains,
And clover blossoms rare.

Come, softly tread the fallen leaves,
That carpet bright the ground,
For thrushes and bright orioles
Thrill all the world with sound.

'Tis now we learn most wondrous things
These days that are the rarest,
How in the harvest time of life,
The years may be the fairest.

Then hold my hand, if winter comes
Along our lonely way
We'll still recall the garnered sheaves,
And scents, and sounds, and scarlet leaves,
And little children's play.

—*Annie Wells Cannon.*

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XII OCTOBER, 1925 No. 10

The Editor Abroad

THE CITY OF ROME AND THE JUBILEE YEAR

By Alice L. Reynolds

Rome is above all else a city of churches. In the number and magnificence of its churches it doubtless exceeds all other cities of the world. Fortunate it is for the beauty and stability of these churches that Italy is the home of some of the best marble quarries, for the quarries of Italy produce not only a very fine quality of marble, but marble possessing a good many different colors. "We can't eat or burn our marble" was the cry of the Italian during the war. Very true, but they can and have made use of it to build most extraordinary churches.

Rome has a reputation for fountains, and it deserves its reputation. The mere mention of its name doubtless brings to mind its seven hills, its yellow Tiber, its gigantic ruins, seen in the Colosseum and famous Roman baths. All these things are to be found in Rome, but they do not consume the attention of the traveler as do the churches; for heathen temples, Roman baths, and senate chambers have all, in turn, been converted into churches by the zealous Christians of the Eternal City. Indeed, the casual tourist, seems to find quite enough of everything he is led to expect to see in Rome. "I am completely 'fed up' on the Caesars," a young woman remarked in the hearing of one of our party. Not a member of our little group but who heard somebody say she had had enough of ruins and enough of churches in Rome.

Yet these churches are not only very numerous; they are, also, very richly embellished with gold and silver and precious stones, brought from many climes. Yet far more precious than their gold and silver and rare and costly stones are the art treasures to be found in every part of the church. Yes, it is literally, every part, for their floors contain most interesting mosaics, while upon their walls and ceilings are paintings of the great masters of Italy. Great masters, are not idle words when one writes of Italian painters and Italian sculptors. It is doubtful whether at any other time in the world's history such an array of artistic talent has ever been

brought together as the group assembled to paint the churches of Florence and of Rome.

It is the usual thing, perhaps, to connect pomp and ceremony with kings and queens and their courts. The years 1910 and 1911 staged a good deal of that sort of thing in Europe. Francis Joseph, of Austria, received during 1910, a goodly number of the crowned heads of Europe. In 1911 the king and queen of Italy rode through the land, in state, in recognition of the 40 years of Italian Unity. This also was the year of the coronation of King George and Queen Mary of England. Whether this was the last great spurt of display on the part of the royalty of Europe remains to be seen. However that may be, with the great World War much of that sort of thing passed away.

Today, perhaps, pomp and ceremony exists more truly in the Roman and Greek Catholic churches than anywhere else. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, that such gorgeousness of costume is seldom seen as that in which the Pope and cardinals and high church officials appear at the various special ceremonials of the church. Such a blending of crimson and gold, purple and silver, white satin brocade and the like may hardly be seen elsewhere, as it is seen in the vestments of high church officials of the Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic churches. Exhibitions of these vestments are to be seen in Vienna and other Roman Catholic centers. They always attract attention because of the richness of material, the beauty of color and the great perfection of the embroidery.

The celebration in Rome, in 1911, belonged to the King; this year it belongs to the Pope, consequently matters pertaining to the church are everywhere in evidence. In the emphasis of church matters the Rome of this year is different to the Rome of other years. This year is Jubilee year, or Holy year, in Rome.

As the new year was ushered in, Pope Pius XI, in rich attire with the papal crown upon his head, approached the "Porta Santo," or holy door of St. Peters, and knocking at it with a special hammer opened it for the first time in twenty-five years. Since that time pilgrims from every part of the world have been pouring through its portals. The church processional is almost a daily occurrence; one is almost sure to encounter it, if he visits St. Peters on Sunday, and on the other days of the week he is apt to do so. More than once we found ourselves part of a procession we had planned to be in. These pilgrims pass through this door with rosary in hand, chanting their prayers and kneeling before the various altars for special worship. Yet St. Peters is only one of a group of four churches in Rome that has a holy door. St. Paul's without the gate, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore each has such a door, through which processions of pilgrims are daily passing. We were given to understand that the Roman Catholic who passes all four of these doors and also sees the Pope,

according to regulations, is granted complete indulgence by the church. Our party passed through each of these doors in each of the churches, mainly from a belief that we shall not be in Rome the next time they are opened.

Holy year has changed the appearance of the streets of Rome. Rome, that has always counted among its population a goodly number of priests and monks, as well as higher church officials, has greatly augmented that number during the present year. At present the streets of Rome are literally alive with men in priestly robes. One group may be wearing the scarlet robe of the student priest of Rome, another a black robe with purple or white-lined sash, perhaps one may meet a large delegation of visiting priests in the regulation robe and hat of black. We met such a group one afternoon when I counted two hundred and eighty, more were in sight but my companions intimated that I was keeping them waiting so I hastened on without knowing the exact number.

The churches, too, have undergone changes for the year. St. Peters without shows the marks of age, as it has a right to do, but within it is all bright and new. It has been thoroughly cleansed and is ready to receive the thousands who assemble every week for special service or to take part in one of the church processionals. The beautiful paintings of Raphael and Guido Reni done in Mosaics upon its walls are seen in freshness by the assembled throng.

In the churches some things are to be seen quite unusual in their character. In one we saw what we took to be the embalmed remains of a monk dressed in the brown robe and hood of his order. An electric light made it possible for one passing, to see, for his burial place was a crypt in the church. We were told that this monk was to be canonized, or in other words made a saint during this year. In another church, which we think at this writing was St. John Lateran, we saw a Pope with a gilded mask such as one sees covering the face of an Egyptian mummy, dressed in the complete costume in which a pope is dressed for burial. About his waist was a girdle to which symbols of his office were attached.

St. Peters at Rome

When we visited Assisi, the birthplace and burial place of St Francis, the saint after whom the city of San Francisco is named, we found a priest in charge who has been called from his post of duty in New York to act as guide to English speaking people visiting Assisi this year.

The Pope is holding many audiences, both of a regular and a special character. As our party, consisting of Miss Elliott, Miss Ollorton, Miss Martain and myself, were at one of the regular audiences, we thought our readers might be interested in knowing something about what must be done in order to see the prisoner of the Vatican.

It might not be amiss, before we continue, to call to mind why the Pope remains a prisoner in the Vatican. The Pope was at one time temporal monarch over a group of Italian states. When he was king of Rome he walked or drove through the city of Rome just as he chose. But with the coming of Victor Emanuel into Rome he had to relinquish his temporal power. The theory is that he is temporal ruler over the Vatican grounds, comprising St. Peters and the Vatican, and for this reason he retains a special guard at the palace. Just so long as the Pope does not step without the walls of the Vatican garden he is the subject of no earthly potentate. Should he step beyond the walls he would immediately become the subject of the Italian king. This he refuses to do, so that he is a self-imposed prisoner on behalf of a theory or belief the church wishes to maintain.

The first thing our party did, in order to obtain an audience with the Pope, was to visit the American Consul in Rome, and make known our wish. He gave us a letter to the head of the American College, stating that we desired to attend one of the public audiences of the Pope. The head of the American College proved to be a very pleasant young priest who replied to our question in relation to the proper etiquette to be observed, that we must appear in black dresses, or at any rate dark ones, high at the neck and with sleeves to the wrist, and that we must wear a black mantilla over our heads.

The next step was to present the letter given us at the college to one of the secretaries at the Vatican. After discovering the special door that leads to the Vatican and passing through it, and also by the Swiss guards, with their quaint antiquated suits of yellow and red, and sometimes other colors, we were admitted to an anti-room that led into the room where the secretary was to be found. There were many persons in the line ahead of us so that we had a long wait. Finally we were admitted, only to begin another long wait. Miss Elliott did say something about the patience of Job, I think, but at last our turn came to stall our desire. We were led to believe that our card of invitation would likely be for Wednesday, consequently we were not a little sur-

prised to receive at our hotel Sunday evening, tickets of admittance for Monday accompanied by a little folder telling us how we should be dressed.

The question of providing the appropriate costume caused considerable sport among ourselves. We were not all carrying black dresses or even dark dresses, so we looked about to see what might be done by way of borrowing from one another. Miss Elliott, our specialist on dress, looked over the possibilities. Finally by filling up the necks of our dresses with pieces of black crepe-de-chine and lengthening out the sleeves with the same material, we were able to comply with the request of officials; art considerations waived, your humble correspondent, I think, was the most conspicuous in this "fix up," for she was one of the group without a dark dress, so that she had to borrow Miss Elliott's, that proved to be longer than regulation fashion and rather larger all over than the case required. Finally we started in a Roman taxi-cab. On our way we had to stop at a shop near the Vatican, and get our mantillas, which had been arranged for the day before. The rent of the mantilla cost five liras, which is equivalent to 20c in American money at the present rate of exchange. Donning our mantillas we made our way to the Vatican. We thought we were a dowdy looking group but we passed inspection as subsequent events go to show.

Presenting our tickets, once more, we passed the portals of the historic building, and once again we walked by the colorful Swiss guards, up a flight of stairs only to be met by some persons detailed to take our wraps. From there we passed through a large room into another large room with a cold-looking marble floor. In this room a good many people were assembled. Finally the rather sombre appearance of the room was relieved by the entrance of a very fine looking man, in a magenta suit of brocade velvet with trousers to the knee and silk hose to match. We recognized him as one of the officials. We had been told that we might expect such a person, who would look over our costume, very carefully, and see if it was quite right. Consequently, when he came towards us we were just a little fearful. However, he beckoned us to follow him, which we did, into one of the richly carpeted and richly furnished rooms of the palace. While we have joked not a little, among ourselves, about this official approving of our dress, way down in our hearts we have been led to wonder whether the favor showed us, for we really feel that we were favored, did not come from the fact that he probably recognized us as Americans and perhaps had it in his heart to extend such courtesy as was in his power to the citizens of a nation who had not forgotten Europe in her hour of dire necessity. Whatever his motive, we were favored, for in a few moments we were advanced to another room where we were placed opposite the door where

the Pope makes his first entrance for an audience, consequently we were able to see him for a few minutes before he came into the room that we occupied.

One matter that attracts attention on an occasion of this sort is that a goodly number of persons take rosaries with them into the room to be blessed by the Pope. Roman Catholics undoubtedly do so for themselves and their relatives, while Protestants often do it that they may have an especially acceptable gift for a Roman Catholic friend.

It was now a few minutes to one, the hour for the audience. Things began to shape. A number of young men put on the costumes of the special military guard, and arranged themselves in true military style against the wall. A moment later the Pope's secretary appeared, in a lavender-purple costume that with its lavish trimmings made it truly gorgeous. Now all was expectation. In a moment the Pope appeared in a costume consisting of a white broadcloth robe and cap of the Roman Catholic monk. Around his waist was a girdle bearing the insignia of office, St. Peter's keys that are found, always in the coat-of-arms of the Vatican. On the third finger of his right hand he wore the historic gold ring with the famous blue stone. We saw him pass about the room directly in front of us; then he came into the room. The

A Swiss Guard

etiquette of an audience requires that persons shall kneel when the Pope enters. Beginning with the person near him on the right, the Pope passed along placing the four fingers of his right hand on the back of the right hand of the person he was greeting. Such a clasp makes it possible for persons who care to kiss the ring to do so. Roman Catholics usually do. Protestants perhaps more often, than not, feel the handclasp and the Pope passes on, all is carried on in such a fashion that both the Pope and the Protestant are saved embarrassment. After the Pope had greeted everyone in the room, separately, he went into the corner nearing the next room he was approaching, and repeated some Latin phrases which were responded to by the Roman Catholics in the room. He was evidently blessing them and blessing the rosary that they carried.

This experience recalled a story that Francis Marion Crawford, the American author, used to tell in his public lectures. He said that in the time of Pius IX, some Protestant youths appeared in line one day who refused to bow, the Pope said to them gently in passing, "Would you refuse the blessing of an old man," at which suggestion the youth conformed to regulations. The same thing occurred during the time of Leo XIII. The young men appeared to him to be standing in open defiance, and, without ceremony, the Pope called the guards, saying to them as they appeared, "Remove those statues into the corridors," and they were removed.

On Tuesday of the same week that we were admitted to the audience a special service was held at St. Peters at which the Pope presided. All members of our party were given tickets, but as it appeared to mean donning the black gowns again, two members said that inasmuch as they had already seen the Pope they would let that suffice. Miss Elliott and I attended the service. Presenting our large and colorful cards of admittance we passed into St. Peters and found ourselves in a crowd, or rather a "jam." Before the service began several persons had to be taken out, who were quite overcome, because of the closeness of the room. One lady who attended a special service there, told us that in her attempt to put her hand into her own pocket, she put it into the pocket of her neighbor, a thing that would be very easy to do.

However, after what seemed to us a rather long wait, because all were standing, the curtains were drawn apart at one of the side doors that leads from St. Peters into the Vatican. A procession headed by church dignitaries, of high order, in magnificent church vestments began a slow march towards the high or papal altar in St. Peters. Immediately after came the Pope, borne aloft in his highly ornamented gold car by a group of young men in scarlet costumes, who carried the car on their shoulders. As the Pope appeared to the multitude they clapped. He waved his hand first to the right and then to the left, he was bestowing the papal blessing. As the car neared the altar the Pope descended and

An Elaborate Church Procession

took charge of the service. His costume on this occasion was much more elaborate than on the occasion of the audience, more perhaps like that of an earthly potentate, and less like that of a priest.

Special services and special ceremonies understood and esteemed by the Roman Catholics have characterized Holy Year. Perhaps some notion of the sort of thing that has claimed the interest of the church, frequently, during this year may be had from the following item that appeared in a European newspaper under date of July 13, 1925: Home—Sunday. The last of the numerous ceremonies of canonization and beatification planned for this, the Holy Year, took place at St. Peters today, when the Pope closed the ceremonies for the beatification of Pierre Julien Eymard, the French founder of the congregation of priests and nuns of the Holy Sacrament.

Self-Love

Self-love! O what a sentiment!
In narrow rut so closely shut,
To others' pains indifferent.

Self-love! Big I as precedent!
So quickly hurt, will friends desert,
Self-pity always evident.

Self-love! Tenacious, eminent!
A private pill, no thought can kill,
Inclosed in selfish element.

—*Elsie E. Barrett.*

The Status of Women in Japan

By A. Ray Olpin

"It is the chief duty of a girl living in the parental house to practice filial duty towards her father and mother. But after marriage, her chief duty is to honor her father-in-law and mother-in-law—to honor them beyond her own father and mother —to love and reverence them with all ardor, and to tend them with every practice of filial piety.

"She must not selfishly think first of her parents, and only secondly of her husband's relations.

"As a woman rears up posterity, not to her own parents, but to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, she must value the latter ever more than the former, and tend them with all filial piety. Her visits, also, to the paternal house should be rare, after marriage."

These few excerpts from Basil Hall Chamberlain's translation of *Onno Daigakko,* or *The Greater Learning for Women,* should sufficiently pave the way for the announcement that the Japanese father exclaims upon the birth of a daughter: "Five thousand dollars lost." The exclamation has even more direct application in the fact that, when the daughter dresses herself in mourning and "dies" to her father's house, to be resurrected in that of her father-in-law's; or, in other words, when the bride marries, she is expected to take with her a very complete dowry or trousseau, including household utensils, furniture and necessities in addition to a liberal supply of clothing. The father pays heavily to marry off his daughter.

To quote again from the *Onna Daigakko,* which has been called the *Golden Rules for Female Virtue*:

"From earliest youth, a girl should observe the line of demarcation separating women from men; and never, even for an instant, should she be allowed to see or hear the slightest impropriety."

"A woman has no particular lord. She must look to her husband as her lord, and must serve him with all worship and reverence, not despising or thinking lightly of him. The great lifelong duty of a woman is obedience."

"Let her never even dream of jealousy. If her husband be dissolute, she must expostulate with him, but never either nurse or vent her anger."

"A woman should be circumspect and sparing in her use of words; and never, even for a passing moment, should she slander others or be guilty of untruthfulness."

"A woman must ever be on the alert, and keep a strict watch over her own conduct. In the morning she must rise early, and at night go late to rest. Instead of sleeping in the middle of the day, she must be intent on the duties of the household, and must not weary of weaving, sewing and spinning. Of tea and wine she must not drink overmuch, nor must she feed her eyes and ears with theatrical performances, ditties and ballads. To temples and other like places, where there is a great concourse of people, she should go but sparingly till she has reached the age of forty."

"The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are: indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. Without a doubt, these five maladies infest seven or eight out of every ten women, and it is from these that arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach."

The Greater Learning for Women, from which these instructions were taken, was written during the Tokugawa period by one Yekiken Kaibara, and was one of the most influential books of the time. Previous to this time, and especially during the Heian age, woman had been at the zenith of her power. Two of the finest pieces of literature in all Japanese history, *Makura-no-soshi* and *Genji Monogatari,* are the works of women. Literature of the Heian period and other earlier regimes infer and frequently state that women wielded a powerful influence. Accounts of two men fighting for the same lady, knights undertaking perilous journeys to gain the hand of fair ladies, a woman gaining a verdict in a breach-of-promise case, etc., all reveal much of the status of women before the Tokugawa shogunate. During the Heian period, laws regulating inheritance provided that all the children of the family be given equal shares. Then, as Professor S. Sassa points out, it was during the period of Japan's civil strife and during the Tokugawa age of peace that followed, when women lost her high place in the national mind.

Under the Tokugawas, Confucianism flourished, and Confucianism gave women a low place in the scheme of civilization. Man was the lord, and woman the weaker vessel. Buddhism never attempted to discuss the relations of the sexes; excepting that religion taught men to "regard woman as one of the many evils of life, and warned him against love of her as the way to hell."

With the re-establishment in power of the emperor, just what has been the effect upon the status of women? To answer this question, the courtship and marriage of a present-day maiden will be traced.

Although, as a matter of course, the Japanese maiden is expected to marry early in life, she never experiences any of the joys

of courtship. She is charming in the extreme, yet never forward. She is simply a modest, kind, faithful girl, forced by rigid customs to shun, rather than solicit, the attentions of the male sex. It would be terribly shocking to the people at large, and disastrous to the reputation of the young lady, should she be seen on the street, even at midday, in company with one of the opposite sex. And it would be most disgraceful for a young man to pay a visit to a reputable lady friend to court her affections.

Nor does the youth of Japan seem to yearn for the companionship of the opposite sex. Separated early in the primary school, they pursue their courses of study in boys' and girls' schools. No co-ed schools are to be found in Japan and it was only recently that a few lady students were admitted into advance courses in the Imperial University of Tokyo. At the theatre and in church the men sit on one side of the building and the women on the other.

As an example of the popular thought on this subject, comes the following experience. A young Japanese lady student of about sixteen years who attended our meetings in Osaka, told me that the Japanese boys were rapidly degrading, and that frequently they said "perfectly awful" things to the girls. "Why, just the other day, while riding on a street car, a boy made a vulgar remark to me," she confided. "He said: *'Kondo no nichiyobi raketto wo motte Nakashima koen ye koi!'* " While admitting that his language was very intimate, I could scarcely suppress a smile; for all he had said was: "Bring your racket and come to Nakashima park next Sunday." Yet for a boy to so address a girl in Japan was most improper.

A number of influences in Japan of late seem to be at work slowly undermining the strong barrier between the sexes. However, these forces are not of the best type, and we fear the results will be evil. For example, the American movie productions are shown all over the empire; and even though the close censorship of the police requires all kissing scenes be cut out from the films, the romantic adventures of youth so often portrayed are perhaps to a great extent, responsible for the tragic romances we read of in nearly every daily paper. "Tragic romances" they are, because a tragedy is the inevitable result of falling in love in Japan. Unable to get their parents' consent for courtship or marriage, and knowing that elopement would bring disgrace not only upon themselves but upon their families, making happy life impossible here on this earth, the mutually infatuated couple have but one course to pursue, namely: to seek a new world to live in. Accordingly, the elopement is usually in the direction of some waterfall, sea or railroad track—some of the popular exits from this life. A day or so after the elopement, a letter may be discovered in which is

found a statement similar to this: "Finding it impossible to live together in this existence, we have decided to journey to the next. Goodbye."

Although these *shinju,* or double, suicides are not at all uncommon, even the reports of them are offensive to the majority of the youth of Japan.

How, then, are the youth of Nippon mated and entered into wedlock?

First of all, if a parent has not already selected his son's wife, a young man who is in a position to marry calls on some married friend and asks him to seek him a wife. The friend, acting as a go-between, canvasses among the young ladies of his acquaintance and inquires of his friends. Finally, he decides upon a certain one and visits her parents to make the proposal. If they approve, a party is arranged at the home of some common friend where the young couple have a chance to meet, perhaps for the first time. Should the young lady positively object to the young man, she is seldom forced to marry him; but no more cordial feeling than simple toleration is expected after marriage. If no reason can be found why the young couple should not be married, presents are exchanged, the betrothal entered into, and the wedding arrangements made.

Should it be impossible to find a satisfactory wife otherwise, the soliciting party will advertise in the paper or take his case to a professional matrimonial agency who in turn will advertise for him. By these methods it is always possible to make matches. It is not uncommon for the maiden, desiring to enter matrimony, to advertise for a husband. These ads are amusing to the foreigners. The following was clipped from a current newspaper:

"Wanted—a wife up to the age of 26. By a real gentleman, aged 30, position with a certain firm, bearer of the 8th order of merit, household treasures worth $80,000."

All arrangements for the wedding are made by the go-betweens or seconds, who are in a measure responsible for the future felicity of the couple.

The next thing is to find a lucky day. Frequently, a fortune teller is consulted. Certain days and certain years, January 16, and the whole month of July are known to be unlucky. The middle of November is considered to be the most lucky time. The ninth year of the Simico-Japanese zodiac is a very unlucky year. It happened to be 1920, and the records show few marriages were arranged for then. The reason for the superstitious distrust of that year is found in the two-fold meaning of the zodiacal name. The year is the monkey year, pronounced in Japanese, *saru-no-toshi.* Now, besides meaning "monkey," *saru* means to leave or to part, and the popular fear is that couples united during this year are apt to separate soon.

Practically the only legal requirement for marriage is registration. The marriage ceremony is quite simple, consisting of the alternating drinking of *sake* (Japanese wine), "three times three" or nine times, by the bride and the groom. The parents of the bride have to supply the bride with a very costly dowry, and the detail and formality of taking this to the house of the groom is characteristic of the ceremonious occasion.

Would that it could be said that all couples "live happily ever after." Perhaps many of them do. For they are trained for their parts, the man to be the head of the household and the wife to look after her lord's interests. Harsh and abrupt he appears, and the Occidental is frequently shocked while visiting a typical Japanese home. He wonders that the wife would put up with such a commandeering, bossing type. But seemingly, this is just what she has been trained to expect and look for. She seems to understand that her position is that of chief servant in the household, and that she must do all she can to please the father of her children. There is one head, not two.

Divorces are not uncommon. But certainly they are not so common as one would expect. Yet the Japanese maiden has been trained from childhood to live contentedly in the service of her lord. She is seldom misused. "Wife-beating" is rarely heard of. Every girl realizes that her mission in life falls under the "three obediences—obedience, while yet unmarried, to a father; obedience, when married, to a husband, and that husband's parents; and obedience, when widowed, to a son."

Formerly, the custom of blacking the teeth by married women prevailed in Japan. Occasionally, at the present time, one sees a woman with black teeth proclaiming the fact that she is married. Although this custom has been practically abandoned, there is still certain fashions peculiar to married life. Noticeable among these is that of head dress. The *Shimada* coiffure is worn by girls; the *Marumage,* by women. There is another, known as the *Icho-gaeshi,* which is worn by old ladies. There are a great many other styles with appropriate names, but the shades of difference are rather confusing.

Of course, the dressing of the Japanese lady's hair, is no small task. The Japanese coiffure is a real edifice, and when once completed will last for weeks, if necessary. The dressing of the hair is done by accomplished experts in beauty parlors, and quite a ilberal sum is now demanded for the work. In order to preserve the fine lines and straight, glossy, jetblack surface; in other words, not to destroy the edifice, the Japanese woman is quite content to sleep on her back at nights with her head hanging over the edge of a hard block for a pillow. In this fashion she keeps her hair from coming in contact with anything that will snarl or ruffle it in any way.

In concluding this article, it might be well to state that ordinarily a woman's religion in Japan, is that of her husband's family. Of course, liberality is beginning to assert itself, and there are many instances of the husband being a Buddhist and his wife a Christian, or *vice versa*. The results of this condition are not satisfactory by any manner of means. One of the big reasons is that the wife must tend the family *kamidana* or "godshelf," which is part of the home. There it is that the tablets bearing the posthumous names of the deceased ancestors are placed, and before which must be placed fresh flowers and food every morning. A short prayer is also a part of the daily routine before the small shrine. Is there any wonder then that the lady says, "my lord's religion"?

Incidentally, there is one Japanese lady who is having a new experience in doing work for dead ancestors. And that is not before a Buddhist temple or a Shinto shrine, but before the altar of God in a Latter-day Saint temple. Sister Tsune Nachie, through the assistance of the Church and friends, has been enabled to make the voyage to Hawaii, where she is at present doing her temple work. She holds the distinction of being the first Japanese to enter a Latter-day Saint temple to participate in the sacred rites therein. Sister Nichie is an elderly lady, and a widow. For years she took care of the mission headquarters in Tokyo.

The Other Side

By Mrs. Alice Morrill

Let me not pass by on the Other Side
When my neighbor lies wounded and bare;
Let me take the way to the fainting one
Who is needing my help and care.

Though the Other Side be a flower-strewn path,
Where the pleasures of life abound,
Let me take the way where my neighbor lies,
Stripped and bleeding, upon the ground.

Though the Other Way would bear me swift
On the wings of my heart's desire;
Make Thou my choice, my brother's need,
Though begrimed with dust and mire.

Then at the end, the Master's trust,
The reward of my toil shall be:
"Who hath done it, in faith, to one of these,
Hath done it, in love, to Me."

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Women of the East and the Veil

One of the interesting institutions of Syria, is the American College at Beirut. February last, when we visited it, we found the people on the campus in a ferment of excitement because a Mohammedan woman had won first place in the season's oratorical contest. It usually stirs women to have a woman win first place in a contest, when in competition with men, but when that woman proves to be a Mohammedan woman, and her theme no other than the dropping of the veil, under the caption, "Show them the light," there is no element lacking to arouse interest and enthusiasm.

The contest in question was held on February 21, 1925, in what is known as West Hall, at the Armenian College, in this Syrian city. The winner of the contest, Ihsan Ihmad, is a married woman. She was one of seven contestants, the other contestants were gentlemen.

Members of the faculty in speaking of the matter said that the winning of the contest, by a Mohammedan woman, on that theme, was an epoch-making event, particularly as two of the three judges selected are of the faith of Islam. The prize awarded was $35 which Madam Ihmad promptly turned over to the treasurer of the Alumni Association of the college with $35 added.

That the wearing of the veil by the women of the East is a species of bondage, none can doubt who have seen it in practice. The revolution that made of Turkey a republic also ecouraged the Turkish woman to drop her veil. She was responded to this

encouragement in a gratifying manner. The Arabic woman is very much slower to act in this direction, and as yet she has not received the moral support that the Turkish woman has received.

When we visited the seaport town of Jaffa, in Palestine, a woman stood near a tree, with her veil pulled aside, that she might have a better look at us. One day while stopping in the "street Straight," in Damascus, our attention was called from what we were doing, by a hand thrust against our back, we turned suddenly only to find a woman who drew aside her veil quickly, and held it for an instant, as if she would say, "I, too, should like to be as free and unencumbered, in such matters, as the women of the West are." We were told at the College that the young men of the East would very much like to see their mothers and sisters drop the veil, and that, at exclusive parties, the Eastern maiden frequently appears, when escorted by her brother, without her veil. To be sure, we met persons who said that the Eastern woman must, of necessity, use a great deal of judgment in the matter of dropping the veil, for there are some types of Eastern men who might interpret such an action as an invitation to them to become unduly familiar. However, all persons agreed that time and usage will obviate that difficulty.

Apart from looks in the matter the veil must be both uncomfortable and unsanitary. Here in these hot countries the cool winds of heaven are not allowed to touch the face of the woman; she is denied the invigoration of first hand contact with sun and air. Those of us who wore masks during the influenza epidemic may be able to sympathize in a measure.

Then, too, looks are important. It is a difficult matter for one unacquainted with the custom to realize how unbecoming this sort of dress is, and how completely it obscures all personal charm and beauty. At best when the woman wears a black crepe silk gown, with the head piece a sort of hood to match, and a veil of the same material, as we saw some of the wealthiest women in Damascus wearing, even then it is in no way attractive, yet what we saw frequently was a woman wearing something like a white sheet, folded at the top, in some such fashion as a pillow-case might be folded to form a hood, the remaining part of the sheet forming a mantle, while across her face was a piece of black cloth that served as a veil. This custom assuredly works to make the woman, designed by the creator to be beautiful, little less than hideous.

While in Egypt we heard of women who are pleading for a broader and freer life for the women, and a similar story greeted our ears in Constantinople. We wish them success in their struggle, and we trust that the day is not far distant when the Eastern woman will not feel the embarrassment she feels today when visiting western lands; but that she will stand face to face with her sister from the west with no veil intercepting.

American Litetature Coming to its Own

Years of struggle, with many rebuffs from the people across the great ocean, is the story behind the effort for the recognition of American literature abroad. At present that recognition so eagerly sought and so persistently witheld for many years is in no small measure realized.

During the month of May a goodly number of celebrations in honor of Washington Irving were held throughout Spain. During the month of April the following comments appeared in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*: "It is quite true that the memory of Irving, of Fenimore Cooper and of Poe, seems to be more alive in Europe than in our own country. In almost all French bookshops one sees translations of their works." Moreover, these writers were not really scorned by Europe in their own day, for both Scott and Campbell borrowed lines from the American writer Freneau, we are told on good authority.

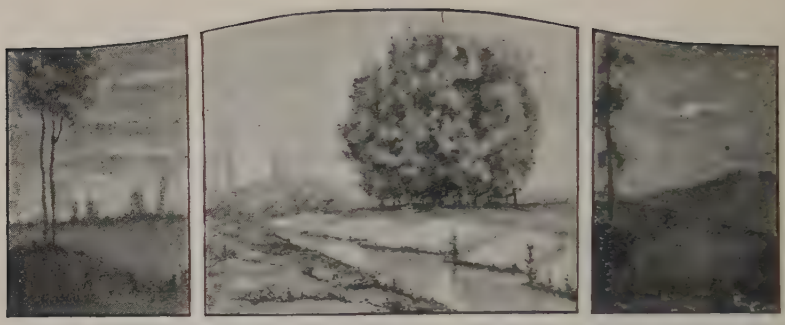
"It is a pretty general opinion, at present, that contemporary criticism, of early American writers, including such men as James Kirke Paulding and Nathaniel Parker Willis was far from justified," says a writer of recent date. A new edition of pioneer American writers would perhaps attract a good deal of attention at home, and it would surely be far better appreciated than ever before at home. Many of the members of the Relief Society became acquainted with these writers when they were pupils in the public schools. The members of the Relief Society have followed a course in American Literature just at the time when Americans at home are more fully conscious of its worth, than ever before, and when Europe is willing to admit that America, too, had writers of worth when Scott and Byron wrote.

Condolence

The loving sympathy of the entire Relief Society organization goes out to Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, of the General Board, on the death of her husband, Henry C. Lund, who passed away, Saturday September 6, 1925.

The extent of the sympathy extended to her and the high esteem in which she and her husband are held, was testified by the large number that attended the funeral services, the wealth of floral tributes on that occasion, and the beautiful words of praise and commendation of his life, spoken by those who bore testimony of his worth.

Henry C. Lund was the son of the late President Anthon H. Lund. He was a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.



THE DAY

By Grace Ingles Frost.

Afar is flung the sable robe of night;
The gleaming, golden garment of the morn
Trails o'er the earth its witchery of light,
And Day from purple mystery is born.

The Day whose chariot wheels are twined with flow'rs
Close folded o'er a meed of thorny scars;
The Day that holds the mystic chain of hours,
For man's divine ascension to the stars.

The Day! the Day! whose panting steeds apace,
With flowing mane and scintillating eye,
Have joined with eager swiftness in the race,
That speeds with mad'ning haste the moments by.

The Day whose ebbing life tide stains the west,
At length in closing conflict with the sun;
The Day that finds in recompense of rest,
The guerdon of the victory lost and won.

EVENTIDE

The silence of eventide drifts slowly down,
A calm benediction from shadowy hills,
Soothing e'en into the land of the sun,
Agleam in the far away west.

Now here and now there shines a star from the blue
Of the stillness that reigns in the heavenly deep,
Where night, like a nesting bird covers the earth
With peace and the quiet of sleep.

NIGHT

She does not come as comes the day,
In chariot of gold,
But like an angel of mercy,
With the mantle of peace to fold
Close, close around toil-worn nature,
While forth from her hand there gleams
The sheen of a silent shuttle
That weaveth the web of dreams

Phyllis Morton's Birthday Gift

By Myrtle M. Dean

Beth Mason moved hurriedly about her little sitting room, dusting and gathering up scattered toys the children had tired playing with. Though she could not always keep things done up to the minute in her home, yet she always tried to get things in order before Bob came home from work.

All morning she had ironed and patched, and her cheeks were flushed with fatigue.

As she finished her task, she hesitated a moment before the front window to glance at the busy crowd going to and fro on the street, before her home. Some there were who moved with joyous step, with light hearts and happy, smiling faces; others, minds on business set, walked briskly to their labors; yet those there were who walked with faltering, weary tread, as if not knowing or caring where they went; and as she watched the never-ceasing throng, she thought, "I neither come nor go, but live my life within my little home, working, caring for the man I love and our four children."

A shining, blue car drove into the yard of the home across the street from her own, and a trim little figure alighted and walked briskly up to the door.

As Mrs. Mason watched the care-free step and trimly clad figure, a little of envy and resentment crept into her heart, and as the door closed on the dainty neighbor, Beth sank wearily onto a chair and gave vent to her bitter thoughts.

Who could better judge what Phyllis Morton's ideals and aims in life should be, than Beth Mason? Hadn't they been children in the same little town together? Then, when they grew up, they were married the same month in the same eventful summer; afterward living just across the street from each other for ten long years. Beth also knew Phyllis Morton's mother had borne ten children, ever caring for them and teaching them the principles of right.

Now Phyllis lived her life, just chasing bubbles; childless, never a care or worry, coming and going at her own sweet will; attending clubs, theaters and balls; shopping at the best stores in town, spending Jack Morton's money, that he so freely lavished upon her. While Beth washed, ironed, patched and sewed, did the numerous things a mother must do, when she has four lively, mischievous, healthy youngsters, scarcely two years apart. She had stayed at home, week in and week out, caring for her children. Though the family had been able to dress respectably, and

she had tried ever so hard, to always keep herself neat and becoming about her home, still she knew, one would take her to be at least five years older than Phyllis Morton, although they were the same age.

How shocking to even imagine Phyllis, in gingham aprons, working over heated wash tubs, and preparing her own meals, patching socks for her husband, and tying up little hurt fingers, or tucking children in bed.

Beth got up, looking about guiltily, feeling that were any one present he might read her thoughts. It was not without a twinge of conscience that the usual placid Beth, always gently accepting her cares and responsibilities, now gave vent to this harsh criticism of her little neighbor. "Of course, we are not always capable of judging, but any one can plainly see that Phyllis Morton is in perfect health, and they have plenty to support a family."

Beth busied herself patching aprons for Ruth, and stockings for little chubby Bobby, when the shrill cries from the nursery told her that six months' old baby Betty had finished her afternoon nap, and was claiming her share of attention. Baby was placed on the rug, to play with her rattle, and watch while the mending went on. Not many minutes had passed until baby's soft goos and dimpled smiles, sent the bitter resentment from mother's heart. The subject soon entirely slipped from her mind, until a half hour later, she saw Phyllis Morton coming up the walk to the house. As the door bell rang, Beth tried to hide her confusion, for her previous thoughts rushed in upon her, and her cheeks were slightly flushed, though she spoke with the usual cordiality as she greeted her visitor.

"Busy? what are you doing, patching?" Phyllis asked on entering the room, "and there's baby Betty, hello, Fatty," she called sweetly to the baby, and Betty began throwing her hands and wiggling delightedly, giving Phyllis one of her widest baby smiles. Phyllis took her up giving her a hard squeeze.

"Say, she's the dearest little thing, Beth, such big blue eyes like yours, and her daddy's big, broad smile, hasn't she?"

Beth was accustomed to having Phyllis run in occasionally, and fuss over the children. Many times she took Bobby or Hal, or all of them, over to her home and gave them cookies or candy, or even took them in her car, for a ride, but Beth had seen so many childless women fuss over other people's children for show, she thought; just so they didn't have the care of them!

"It's my birthday, today, Beth, and I was lonesome for some old friend. Jack is gone all day, you know, and I am so far away from mother and all my family! I do get so lonely, sometimes,"

Phyllis began yearningly. "You are lucky, having your mother so near you, Beth."

"Yes, I don't know how I should get along without mother. She is always so willing to help with the children, and when they are sick she is such a comfort. I'm glad you came, Phyllis," Beth said, her heart softening, as she watched Phyllis tenderly pat Betty's chubby hand. "It's Boby's birthday, too, he is four today."

"Oh, is it? I wish I had known, I would have brought him a little gift. Where are the children?"

"They are playing in the back yard, in their swing. Robert made them a swing this morning before he went to work," Beth said, as she looked from the side window and saw the happy youngsters playing, and heard little Bobby calling, "It's my turn now 'cause it's my birthday, you know."

Jack gave me a gift this morning, that would be ever so nice for Bobby," Phyllis said, with a little nervous laugh.

Beth wondered that Jack would give Phyllis anything that would be nice for a child. She had heard of the usual charming presents she received from her husband. Last year it had been the fine blue car, and at Christmas her beautiful furs and dainty pearl necklace, then there was the cut glass and gold mesh bag, and radio, all, Beth knew, were gifts from Jack to his wife. It was with a little feeling of envy she compared these, with the little simple gifts Robert had given her at such times, but of course it was all he could afford with a family to provide for, which he tried to do well, and many times there was no gift at all, and Robert would say, "I'm sorry I couldn't get you some little thing this time, Beth, but I love my girl as much as if I could give her the greatest gift that money can buy, and that counts most, doesn't it, dear?" he would ask, as he gave her a big birthday kiss. And Beth was happy and satisfied.

"Jack always gives you something nice," Beth said, not wishing to seem inquisitive, but wanting to appear interested in Phyllis' affairs.

"Yes, ever so many lovely things. Even more than he can afford. His every thought and effort seems to be to keep me happy and satisfied, by the things money can buy and do. I am at liberty to go and come as I please. I have friends in what you would call the best society, yet, somehow, it does not satisfy. This morning, Jack gave me such a beautiful dress, just a dream of a thing. No other man has such good taste, in buying things for a woman, I think, sometimes; and another present he gave me, too," she said hesitatingly, as a little sob of a laugh came from her lips, "a little, white, fluffy ball of a dog; and for me, Beth—a lovely gift for a child, little Bobby would love it, but for

me—to love—to fondle. Oh, Beth," she continued brokenly, "to think of loving a thing like that, when I might love a beautiful baby like this, if only Jack were willing; but I can't make him understand." Tears fell on little Betty's curls, and her big, blue eyes looked wonderingly at Phyllis.

"Dear Phyllis, and I had thought you didn't care," Beth confessed sympathetically, "forgive me, dearie, can you?"

"Never mind they all think that, why shouldn't they? We all misjudge one another; it is just as well that I am blamed, I don't want them to blame Jack. He wishes to be kind, and I could not ask that he love me more. He just cannot understand. He was an only child, brought up without companionship, save what money could bestow; he doesn't hate children, as some men do, but he hasn't the natural longings to be a father that a man should have, and thinks it foolish, for me, to want to be tied down with such responsibilities.

"The first few years, after we were married he could not think of letting his little girl be tied down," he said. "We must first have a trip to California, then to some other place, and then —perhaps, if I would be so foolish, but still it is the same. Always, he has spent his every spare cent lavishing some luxury upon me; he wants to please me so, and sometimes he appears so hurt and disappointed, that I cannot be content, with just his love and what he gives me, but my mother was a mother of ten children, which she considered, as precious gifts from heaven; this she taught me; besides, my natural woman's instinct—how could I be satisfied? And then, this morning, that little dog—for me—with my arms just aching for a baby, I just couldn't say, 'Oh, isn't it just dear, I'll love it so,' as I have heard so many women say, and I think they lied. I think I didn't say much of anything, and tried not to show that I wanted to kick the poor little thing out into the street. I've always felt that way when I saw women fondling little dogs. I could have petted it, had it been for a little boy to play with, like Bobby. It made me feel so, I couldn't say much about the lovely dress; he brought them in together, and he went away to work, feeling hurt, I know. Forgive me, Beth, for bothering you with this, but it seemed I must tell some one, some one who could understand."

"I am so glad you came, and that you told me. I have misjudged you so, thinking you so care-free, with nothing more you desired to make you happy. I have even complained that God has been so kind to me, but I hope I will never complain again, even though it seems a little hard, the responsibilities a family brings. I should be the happiest woman in the world, with my four jewels and a husband who loves me and them."

Jack Morton walked briskly toward his home. He had left the office a little early, that he might take Phyllis out for a drive into the country, as it was her birthday; and she had complained that it was lonesome, driving alone out away from the city, but he knew she loved the trips, out away from the crowded city streets, into the shady lanes, and through sandy stretches, enjoying the sights of nature, unmolested by the hand of man. He must go with her oftener. As he remembered her this morning, it seemed that she was a trifle pale.

His home was first on the corner of the block, and as he turned the corner he saw a little boy, a mere baby, crossing the street, coming toward his home. The child seemed to have his eyes set on something, on this side of the street, and came joyously seeking it, heeding not the harm that might come to him on the busy street. A big car came down the street toward him. Another came up the street and turned up the side avenue. The man in the big car turned his attention to the car that passed, not noticing the mite of a child until it was too late to stop in time, for the child was not more than ten feet away. As he threw on the brakes, his heart sank, and a sickening fear came over him. Just as he threw on the brake, a voice shouted stop! and a man sprang, with the dexterity of an athlete, just in time, yes, thank heaven! just in time to save the little child unhurt.

"A pretty close call," Jack said, trembling with excitement, as he stepped back to the walk with the frightened child clinging to him.

"Yes it was a bad scare. Not a pleasant thing to run into a little fellow like that. He's a fine little chap. I am much obliged to you Mr.," the man in the car said gratefully. "Some fine leap you made, just in the nick of time, too, I tell you. Sorry I scared you so, sonny. It scared me, too. You must stay with your mother, laddie, then you won't get hurt."

"Yes, sonny, where's your mother? What are you doing out here? Where do you live?" Jack asked the child.

"She's over there in the house; I live just over there. I want to see that dog. I want to play with doggie. I was over by our gate, and heard him barking. He wants me to play with him."

"What dog? You must go back to mother, she will think you are lost. I'll take you back across the street, so any more cars won't hurt you." And as he turned toward the child's home, little Bobby cried desperately, "I want to see the doggie, pretty, little, white doggie."

Jack Morton thought of the little dog he had given Phyllis that morning, and as he looked toward the house, he saw the little, white, fluffy thing, chained securely to a shade tree, jumping up and down, and whining pitifully.

"Pretty doggie, I want to play with him," Bobby continued as he patted Jack's cheek coaxingly, with his fat chubby hand.

Jack could not resist the childish entreaties, and carried him into the yard and untied the dog, Bobby clapping his hands in delight, as the dog jumped upon him and began to play. As Jack watched the happy child he thought of a little dog his father had brought home to him when he was a little fellow, how it had delighted him. "Of course, little dogs are for children, not for women like Phyllis."

"Do you like the little dog, sonny?" Jack asked kindly.

"Yes, I like it. Is this your little boy's dog, where is your little boy? I want to play with him, too."

"Where is my boy? why—why, I have no little boy."

"Oh, do little girls like dogs? Where's she?"

"I haven't a little girl, either."

"No little boy or girl? Then who plays with the little dog?"

"He's my—why he's my little dog," Jack said, abashed. Why should he feel so foolish, to confess that it was his, hadn't he bought it for his wife's birthday gift? "Come, Bobby; is that your name? I'll tell my wife where I am going, then I must take you home, or they will worry about you." Jack went from room to room, looking all about the house for Phyllis. As he moved about, even his foot-falls seemed to echo and resound through the house, all was so silent. Never before had it seemed so still, although many times he had found Phyllis away. Thinking his wife to be out at some club, or perhaps shopping, he felt disappointed that he could not spend the afternoon with her. Then, remembering the child, he hurriedly left the house. For a moment he stood on the step, watching the happy child and the dog at play. What a beautiful picture! Bobby's golden hair, shining in the sun, and large blue eyes, sparkling with happiness, as the dog, rejoicing at his freedom, bounded and danced about, with little sharp barks of delight. Bobby's two ruddy lips parted in exclamations of childish glee, then ripples of laughter, brought two merry dimples, dancing like whirlpools on round, rosy cheeks. Jack gazed fascinated at the sight, and though he knew he should go, yet he stood and watched, as he did so, he thought how near a father's dreams, and hopes and plans, for this lovely little son, had come to being ended, had he not saved him. As he thought of dreams and plans of his neighbor, he stopped to ponder on his own, and he realized how narrow and selfish his had been. Plans for just two; plans for all that makes for easy living, ever shirking the hard or that which brought responsibility and care. Dreams and hopes, had he any? As his mind turned to the future, he saw Phyllis and himself, old and lonely, no one to love them; no one to care. Then perhaps, we will be weary of

our shallow, aimless life; possibly all our frail bubbles shall have burst, and our hearts may grow hungry for someone to cheer us, but the world is too busy to care. Jack was stirred from his reverie, by hearing voices calling Bobby from the opposite side of the street. He hastily went to the child; lifting him to one arm and the dog to the other he hurried toward the little boy's home. The little fat arm of the child went around Jack's shoulder trustingly, and strange little thrills went through him, that he had never felt before. He realized a little then of what he had been missing.

* * *

Hal and Ruth came in from the yard, where the children had been playing. Bobby not being with them, Mrs. Mason asked, "where's Bobby, children?" and at the answer, "We thought he came in the house," Beth and Phyllis started to find him. As Phyllis reached the front porch with baby Betty in her arms, she saw Jack coming up the walk with Bobby. The sight of Jack with a child, with its arms about his neck, was a lovely sight to Phyllis.

"Where did you find him? Where has he been?" The two women asked in chorus, as Beth at that moment came around the house.

"He came over to play with the doggie, didn't you, Bobby?" Jack said smiling at the child.

"Oh! across the street and I didn't even miss you. Bobby, darling, it is a wonder you're alive."

Bobby forgetting everything but the fluffy dog, forgot to tell of the big car that almost ran over him, and Jack thinking it just as well that Beth did not know, never mentioned the narrow escape her little son had had.

"But how did you happen to be home? I thought you were at the office," Phyllis said.

"I came home early, as it is your birthday. I thought you might like to take a ride into the country."

"I shall enjoy it ever so much," Phyllis answered sweetly. Jack smiled, as he saw what a lovely picture she made, with the beautiful babe in her arms. "Let's give the dog to Bobby, Jack, it is his birthday, too. He seems to love it so."

"Yes, a good idea. I think perhaps Bobby will like it even better than you do, eh, Phyllis?" Jack asked with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Phyllis smiled back at him, then, as she and Jack left and walked back to their home, there was more of comradeship, more of mutual feelings, than there had ever been in those ten years they had been married.

Just one year had passed, since little Bobby Mason had stirred Jack Morton's soul, and awoke him to a new life.

Today he did not go out searching for something to give his wife, to make her happy and satisfied with life.

Phyllis lay pale, but smiling into Jack's dark eyes, as he sat by her bed and held her little white hand. In a dainty bassinette, beside them, lay their little son. Proudly Jack gazed at the tiny bundle, then looking at the lovely little woman beside him, he held her hand more closely. "How could I have been so blind? Dear one, how can you forgive me? We might have had this happiness ten years ago, but I have tried to crush the natural longings of your woman's soul, and fill your life with the paltry pleasures, and showy gifts of man. Phyllis, I have cheated you."

Tears of joy glistened in the little mother's eyes, as she spoke tenderly, "Don't Jack, now I have waited and longed for it so long, I perhaps shall love it more, and now we have the gift; this precious birthday gift from God; a human soul, to love and train and nurture. May we be worthy of the gift."

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Diet for the Woman of Forty Plus

Jean Cox, State Supervisor of Home Economics Education

When middle life approaches, "the fires within slacken," and the usual activity is apt to be decreased. As a result the energy requirement from both the internal processes as well as that resulting from exercises is somewhat diminished. Consequently, the food intake should be decreased proportionately so as not to cause extra strain on the excretory system. Where the weight is noticeably increased at this time, the heart muscles are apt to be overworked and other physical discomforts result. Although some small gain in weight need not cause undue alarm, much extra fatty tissue is one of the danger signs of middle life. Life insurance companies have found that the best risks for them are persons whose body weight after forty does not much exceed the normal weight of the person at twenty-five. Intelligent effort to approach or maintain this normal weight is one of the best kinds of health insurance for the person of forty plus.

Much of the ill health of middle and later life is due to wrong kind of diet. The offenders can usually be grouped into two classes. Those who eat too much and those who eat too little. Volumes can be written on the necessity of keeping only a safe margin of over weight if any. Life insurance companies have a slogan that the person overweight is a much poorer risk than the normally thin one. They claim that every additional inch to the waist line is bad business for them. Increased profits in life insurance companies result when the waist line remains normal. One well known authority chuckles when he comments on his comparison of over-weight people with the animals in a fat stock show. Over-weight means that more has been eaten than was needed for activity and general metabolic processes. If the person is more than 10% over-weight, attention should be given the diet so that the individual will not become one of the group suffering from chronic obesity.

The amount of food eaten at different meals is largely habit. Probably when the person was more active than at present two pieces of toast for breakfast were necessary in addition to cereals, etc. Think about it, that extra carbohydrate may now add to increasing weight!

Perhaps this overweight person is especially fond of desserts and eats one large or two small servings, half of which would be ample. Probably, too, his body-needs have been met before the dessert was served. Too little attention is given to the fact that rich desserts are an easy way to pile up fatty tissue, although if a fattening diet is desired desserts may become a valuable part of

the menu. If the person is overweight he should beware of pies, puddings, etc., that carry 300 to 400 calories of excess fuel in an average serving. Possibly all of the members of the family at the present time are less active than they were. If so, why continue to serve generously of rich gravies, sauces and cream salad dressings. Why not consider that constant over-eating results in headaches, constipation and irritability?

The person who has reached 60 years of age should be careful not to over-eat because the heart does not beat so rapidly and respiration becomes slower. The digestive organs, heart, liver, and kidneys cannot handle the volume of food which was required during the period of greatest physical activity. Any great excess over and above what is needed is a source of danger to the elderly person. Van Noorden claims that the food requirements of individuals from 60 to 70 years of age should be reduced 10%, for people from 70 to 80 years of age should be reduced 20%, for people from 80 to 90 years of age should be reduced 30%.

It is possible you haven't had the habit in your home of eating simple salads made of lettuce, endive, cress, cabbage or various combinations of vegetables on several lettuce leaves served with a simple dressing. Simple fruit salads are also valuable means of serving raw foods. Salads are also valuable for bulk which gives a feeling of well being when cutting down the caloric intake. This bulk is due to the water and cellulose which are necessary for a healthy digestive tract, soft vegetable cellulose such as this increases the peristatic movement of the intestines which helps to prevent constipation. While cellulose is not digestible it is attacked by fermentative bacteria which produces gases and thus hastens the movements of the body wastes through the intestines. Many authorities on diet for constipation prefer to use the soft vegetable fibers such as vegetables contain to the harsher cellulose of bran in whole wheat and other cereal mixtures. The claim is made that the softer cellulose ferments more readily than the harsher fibre and that the gas produced hastens the movement in the intestines. The specialists further argue that the harsher cellulose is apt to irritate the intestinal tract. The greatest value of the salad vegetables, however, is due to their richness in vitamine and ash.

Dr. Benjamin Harrow says, "Vitamines are substances as yet ill defined whose presence in food is essential to our well being. their absence makes life impossible. When the diet is limited to muscle meats, starches, sugars, and fats the vitamine content of food is low. Necessarily, as a result, appetite fails, too little food is eaten, and the person gradually becomes below par physically.

In order to safeguard the intestinal tract, easily digestible foods are much to be preferred to those more difficult to digest. Danger results when too many acid-forming foods are consumed. Compared with most vegetables and fruits, flesh foods are high in

acid forming substances. Because of this danger of overworking kidneys and also because the protein requirement for body tissues is considerably less than formerly, the meat consumption after forty plus should be somewhat decreased. Further safeguarding from an excess of acid foods may result from using fruits and vegetables and milk in the diet. It is safe to say that some of our best dietary customs are based upon a safe proportion between acid and base forming foods. The following tables show foods high in acid and base forming elements.

Foods in Which Acid-Forming Elements Predominate

Estimated Excess Acid-Forming Elements Equivalent to Cubic Centimeters Normal Acid Per 100 Calories

Beef, free from visible fat	10
Eggs	.9
Round Steak	6.7
Oatmeal	3.2
Wheat Flour	2.7
Wheat, Entire Grain	2.6
Rice	2.4
Bacon	1
Corn, Entire Grain (High Protein)	.1

Foods in Which Base-Forming Elements Predominate

Estimated Excess Base-Forming Elements Equivalent to Cubic Centimeters Normal Alkali Per 100 Calories

Celery	40
Cabbage	10-13.6
Potatoes	9-12
Prunes	7.9
Turnips	6.6-12.5
Apples	5
Milk	3.3
Beans	2.9- 6.8
Peas	1.9
Corn, Entire Grain (Low Protein)	8

The fruits likewise show a predominance of base-forming elements over acid-forming elements and for this reason may be used to balance the diet.

An additional argument for the use of milk in the diet of those who are forty plus are:

1. It is rich in vitamine A and B. Raw milk also has some vitamine C.
2. It is one of our chief sources of calcium for maintaining body tissues and fluid.
3. It is a reasonably bulky food which should decrease the intake of too much concentrated food.
4. It furnishes an easily digested protein which is easy on the kidneys.
5. At present prices it is one of the most economical foods we have.
6. Very few people are sensitized against milk. Statistics show only one person in 25,000 find milk a food poison.

There is usually good reasons why Mrs. Overweight tips the scales at a higher figure than she should. Usually she enjoys good things to eat and because of the variety of food afforded at her table she eats generously of meats, fats, and starches, forgetting the health value of fresh fruits and green vegetables. Very often, too, her activity is decreased so that her general metabolic processes are considerably slowed down. The food eaten in excess of her needs is constantly stored thus increasing the strain on the heart, and excretory organs.

Very often Mrs. Overweight has a very complacent view toward life in general. She consoles herself because "her family are fat,—that, however, is not sufficient proof that health and longevity are assured for all the members of her family tree. If no warning is heeded she may suffer from various ills which follow obesity. It is safe to say that the normal person should attempt to control his or her own weight. Excess fat is not easy to control. It is much easier to reduce the fat that has recently been put on rather than that which has been stored in the body for some years. One lecturer in a medical college advises young doctors not to take obesity cases who have been overweight for years and who have a family tendency to be stout. Treatment in a sanitarium is often much more satisfactory in reducing avoirdupois than the usual more or less erratic dieting that the person in the home attempts to carry on. Those interested in the Home Treatment of Obesity might be interested in the article on this in the September *Hygiea Magazine*.

The person determined to keep young and be well, will conscientiously check on weight in relation to height. Normal weight is usually that weight at which one *feels best*. The following table of height and weight for women of different ages is worthy of careful consideration.

Symonds' table of height and weight for women at different ages:

(Based on 58,855 Accepted Applicants for Life Insurance.)

	15-19	20-25	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54	55-59	60-64
4 ft. 11 in.	111	113	115	117	119	122	125	128	128	126
5 ft. 0 in.	113	114	117	119	122	125	128	130	131	129
5 ft. 1 in.	115	116	118	121	124	128	131	133	134	132
5 ft. 2 in.	117	118	120	123	127	132	134	137	137	136
5 ft. 3 in.	120	122	124	127	131	135	138	141	141	140
5 ft. 4 in.	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	145	145	144
5 ft. 5 in.	125	128	131	135	139	143	147	149	149	148
5 ft. 6 in.	128	132	135	137	143	146	151	153	153	152
5 ft. 7 in.	132	135	139	143	147	150	154	157	156	155
5 ft. 8 in.	136	140	143	147	151	155	158	161	161	160
5 ft. 9 in.	140	144	147	151	155	159	163	166	166	165
5 ft. 10 in.	144	147	151	155	159	163	167	170	170	169

In most cases overweight is not pathological but the result of over-stocking the body tissues. Almost any one would rebel at carrying around and being responsible for 20-50 lbs. of tissue in addition to what they should carry. Yet that is exactly what the otherwise normal individual is doing who has been indiscreet and made a practice of eating a little more than her body demands. Some women, however, when they realize how much too heavy they are, proceed to go on extreme obese diet. That is not good practice. Probably the extra tissue has been accumulating for several years, it is hardly fair to the organisms to expect the body to adjust itself to radical changes in the diet in a few weeks or months. Usually when this is done the person soon forgets, breaks training and again gains in weight. A knowledge of bulky and concentrated foods will help the person inclined to be stout to remain reasonably thin. The following general suggestions should help. Avoid foods such as sweets or fats. Do not eat too much bread, fat, meats, fried foods, cream and nuts. Avoid in between meal foods such as ice creams, sundaes, rich chocolate. Do not eat candy, it is one of our most concentrated foods.

Not all women of forty plus are over-weight. While according to the life insurance companies the thin ones are better risks, it is not wise to be too thin. It is generally considered that about normal weight for height for 27 years of age is a reasonably safe guide. Too much underweight is not in accordance with good health standards. There may be several reasons for this, one or more of which will probably fit any one special case. Among the most important causes of underweight are, worry, overwork, nervous tension, improper selection of food, poor food habits, lack of interest in personal health, and unpleasant meal times.

"Equanimity of mind" according to Dr. McCollum is most important for good nutrition. The individual not at peace with herself and surroundings cannot have a normal appetite and good digestion because the digestive juices cease to function normally. Dr. Mendell of Yale tells the following:

"A woman suffering from indigestion went to her doctor's office, by appointment to eat a test meal so as to determine which one of the digestive juices failed to function. When the doctor brought the test meal of a roll and cup of weak tea, the tea was in an unattractive mug and the roll fell on the floor of the doctor's office. After the usual time the stomach contents were pumped out of the stomach and the doctor found, to his surprise, that no stage of digestion had taken place." While this is somewhat extreme, it shows the effect of the emotions upon the flow of digestive juices and gives convincing argument that meal time should be happy. Because of this, unjust criticism of food should be considered extremely poor taste." It is sometimes a great pity that the camping out rule that the first person to find fault with

the food must prepare the meals until someone else is guilty of fault finding, cannot be in vogue within the home. It is safe to say that the worst critic does less food preparation than anyone within the group.

Frequently the under weight woman has poor food habits. She does not eat sufficient variety of food either during the meal or the week. This often results when the diet is limited to bread, a little meat, potatoes, few other vegetables, no salads, and little fruit. This diet practically eliminates vitamine B which is necessary to stimulate appetite. This type of person should change her food habits and make additions in her diet of milk, green leaf vegetables, citrus fruits, some uncooked food every day and some fresh fruits. This will safeguard the ash and vitamine requirements.

The woman of forty plus should want to be well, happy and vigorous. Probably the biggest single factor is food. The next one is being at peace with oneself and the world, and the other important factor is living under hygienic conditions and living up to the rules of the health game in terms of sufficient exercise and recreation. In these days any intelligent person ought to feel humiliated when she is incapacitated by disease which her own intelligent care might have prevented. Too many women stay indoors far too much, for many homes do not have sufficient sunshine. Many mothers are not convinced that direct sunlight has distinct health giving properties. The habit of filling one's lungs with fresh air is a good one.

"For the long breath, the deep breath,
The breath of the heart without care,
I will give Thanks and Adore Thee
God of the open air."

Additional argument for the use of fresh fruits and vegetables in the diet lies in the fact that constipation is apt to be one of the ills of middle life. At this time extra precaution should be taken to keep the intestinal tract in a healthful condition as constipation is one of the predisposing causes of high blood pressure, kidney trouble, and other forms of auto-intoxication. Constipation is an outstanding cause of restlessness and sleeplessness. People with a clean alimentary tract can sleep all night. Dr. McCollum aptly compares annoyance of a full alimentary tract with trying to sleep with a clothespin on one's ear. A full intestinal tract means that gas is evolved, and when gas forms in a loup in the intestine the blood cannot pass through. This results in pain, discomfort, and frequently naseau.

Above all things, the woman of forty plus should have a wholesome mental attitude. The old saying that a woman is not older than she looks might be changed to read that she is not older physically than she is in her mental attitude toward life. People

who have worked hard all of their lives often find they have few resources for leisure time, and thus get into habits of introspection and a morbid attitude toward health, they soon find they enjoy hearing of other people's ills without thought that their health morale is lowered as a result of this frequent depressing information. Decreased exercise for so much inactivity consequently increases tendency to indigestion. Frequently gas in the stomach from indigestion causes people to believe that their heart is very apt to stop entirely. The majority of people of middle age need to really believe that a good way to die is to die suddenly and thus quit worrying over ills that may be all but imaginary.

Of Interest to Women

Conducted by Lalene H. Hart

Questions:

What makes a scum on the top of cocoa or chocolate when made into a drink?

The scum that rises on cocoa or chocolate when allowed to stand very long is the albumen in the milk, which has been coagulated by the heat. Some recipes for preparing cocoa will tell you to "mill" it which means to beat thoroughly with a dover egg beater. This process breaks up the albumen into fine particles and retains it for nourishment. Cocoa and chocolate are practically the same, except chocolate contains a much larger amount of fat. Both contain fat, starch and protein and when made from milk makes a nourishing food. Chocolate cannot be cooked as long as cocoa because the fat separates and rises to the top. Both also contain caffien, the same stimulating substance that is found in tea and coffee, except in smaller amounts. Cocoa is easier of digestion because of its percentage of fat. If cocoa is made with milk, and smaller proportion of cocoa used, children can be allowed to drink it in moderation without any harm.

Will you offer some suggestions for the school lunch baskets?

If space permitted many suggestions might be given as to containers and packing of the lunch, etc., besides the food itself, but perhaps you want more information on the latter than the other items. Sandwiches usually form the basis of the lunch. There are many kinds and varieties. Bread just old enough to cut easily without breaking or crushing is best for sandwiches. It may be white, whole wheat, rye or salt raising made with or without raisins, nuts or prunes. When the fruit or nut breads are used, only butter or lettuce and salad dressing need be used. Eggs, meat, fruit, marmalade, cheese, olive or pimento may be used in numerous ways, both singly or in combination, for fillings. Combining of

flavors should be done carefully. Some combinations that are good are, dates and green peppers chopped and mixed with salad dressing, peanut butter with lemon juice or mayonnaise and sliced bananas, chopped raisins and nuts, peanut butter with chopped prunes or lifs, bits of bacin left from breakfast and chapped dates moistened with salad dressing. Cookies, tarts and turnovers are always good and can be kept on hand. Cream puffs and popovers with firm fillings are good for variety. Sometimes home made candy or candied fruits, such as pineapple or cherries, will furnish the sweets that are required. Many other combinations will be suggested by the material you have at hand. While variety is essential it is not necessary to always buy new material for the lunch box.

How can I remove the lime deposit in my tea kettle without injury to the kettle?

The lime deposit in the tea kettle may be removed by boiling a pint of vinegar in it. The acid in the vinegar dissolves the lime which may be easily removed. Wash and rinse the kettle thoroughly before using.

An easy and economical way of making a dustless duster at home is to add one tablespoon of linseed oil and turpentine to one quart boiling water. Wet the cloth in the solution and dry roll and place in box with cover. Cheese cloth or old soft cloths or leg of cotton stockings are good to use.

A pack of small blotters kept on hand may prove to be very useful in an emergency. When anything is spilled on the table cloth a blotter will take up all the moisture and will not allow it to spread, making a large stain. They may be used for other such things with equally good results.

When you have a crack or small leak in your tub, bucket, pan, etc., take an old fruit bottle rubber and light a match to it and apply to the hole on the outside. As the rubber melts press it over the place to be mended. One application will last a long time.—*Mrs E. C., Paradise, Utah.*

If you have an old brass bed that has become marred and unsightly, just cover it with two coats of flat cream paint. When it has dried thoroughly cover with a good walnut stain, your bed will be most attractive.—*Mrs. F. S., Pine Valley, Utah.*

When food is burned in an aluminum kettle, use table salt for cleaning. Sometimes this will prove more effective than other cleansing agents.—*Miss M. H., Drummond, Idaho.*

To remove callouses and corns from the feet, soak them in warm water and scrape with any dull knife or scissors. Apply castor oil freely and rub thoroughly. If this method is persisted in the most stubborn corn will be greatly relieved if not entirely cured.—*Mrs. E. B., Blanding, Utah.*

Utah State Conference of Social Workers

The first annual conference of the social workers of the state of Utah will be held in Salt Lake City on October 1 and 2. It is expected that this event will be interesting and an educational one, and it marks an event in the history of the development of welfare work in the state.

The organization, known as the Utah Conference of Social Work, was effected in Salt Lake City on July 10, 1925, by a group of persons interested in social welfare. It is the purpose of the Conference to promote a better understanding of the work and aims of the various welfare agencies of the state, and to bring about a closer co-operation among agencies which are interested in promoting the welfare of their communities. At the preliminary summer meeting, officers were selected for the ensuing year and these officers are now planning an elaborate two-day session for the first annual meeting. There will be three sessions on the first day, one at ten a. m., another at 2:00 p. m., and an evening session at 8:00 o'clock. On the second day, morning and afternoon meetings will be held.

It is expected that some nationally prominent social workers will be present to address the Conference. Persons from various parts of the state engaged in various types of community betterment, will also make addresses. The subjects for discussion will be those of vital interest to all persons engaged in social work. The unemployment problem will be discussed and special sessions will be devoted to child welfare and to family problems. Several round table discussions are planned so that questions can be raised and particular problems can be discussed.

The meeting will be open to all persons who are interested in welfare work. The date for the social workers Conference precedes the Relief Society Conference which is October 3, and all visiting Relief Society workers will be made welcome.

The officers of the Utah State Conference of Social Work are as follows:

President .....Supt. E. J. Milne
First Vice President.....Miss A. A. Buffington
Second Vice President.....Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman
Secretary-Treasurer .....Miss Cora Kasius

The board members are,

Miss Kate Williams
B. H. Robinson
A. Alma Clayton
George W. Worthen
Eunice Wattis Bowman
Mrs. A. H. Bird
Daniel Alexander

Autumn

By Josephine Spencer.

Gone are the forms that the seasons fashioned
Of rare-spun garments and rainglow dyes,
Delicate blossoms, and blooms impassioned
With Springtime's breath and the Summer's sighs.

Fled is their radiant life—and drifting
In purple films of the Autumn's veil,
The restless souls of the flowers are lifting
The aching sound of a ceaseless wail.

O, passionate blooms of the Summer's wearing!
O, pale, sweet blossoms of tender Spring!
What are the sorrows your souls are bearing
In the dim, fair realm of their vanishing?

We know they are filled with some tearful longing,
For sighs are sounding on every hand
In mournful surges of color, thronging
The shores of Autumn's shining land.

For the dawn is a pensive thought—and a dreaming
Of purple eves is the afternoon;
And the sunset's glow is a red flood streaming
To quench the light of a white-faced moon.

And that wistful haze on the far-off mountains,
And the throbbing hues on the hillside near,
And the leaves that are drying their life's fresh fountains
With flame of their red and ash of their sere,

Are sad with the pain of the sweet souls filling
The Autumn world with their whispered woe;
And these minor chords of color are thrilling
In touch of a spell which their spirits know.

But in that sleep which their souls are nearing,
When the snow-tomb creaks on its icy hinge,
They will drift to a land beyond our hearing,
And take from the landscape its mournful tinge.

Notes From the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Garfield Stake

The Relief Society stake officers of Garfield stake maintain that they have a difficult district to visit. Garfield stake is unique in having within its borders a ward, namely the Boulder ward, which lies in the eastern part of Garfield county, and which for a distance of forty miles round about has never had an automobile accident. The reason for this is that there are no automobiles there. The lack of the modern conveyance is to be accounted for because of the lack of roads. Those who live in that section, however, declare that they have plenty of pavement, nature-made, out of smooth, white and colored sandstone, the only difficulty with the pavement being that it tends to seek a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position. This is very well from a scenic stand-

Garfield Stake Relief Society Officers
Enroute to Visit Boulder Ward
Left to right: President Sarah S. Larson, Counselors Martha A. Bushman and Polly A. Spencer

point, however, as Boulder is receiving some attention as the center of Utah's scenic wonderland, though it is as yet inaccessible except to adventurous tourists who make the trip on horse-back.

The stake Relief Society officers, however, are not adventurous tourists. They are just home women unaccustomed to horse-

back-riding who make the trip because it is their duty to do so. Sometimes the officers secure a buck-board and a trusty span of mules or horses and make the journey of about forty-five miles by way of what is known, by courtesy, as "the road," but at other times they take saddle horses, and, with a pocket lunch, a roll of clothing behind them, and a small bag of grain for their horses' noon feed tied on the side, they set out. These trips are not without their pleasant features, of course, in spite of the sore and aching muscles that always result. Two things there are which the visitors are always certain of at the end of their long day's journey, namely, a hearty welcome from the Relief Society members of this little isolated ward and a sense of happiness and satisfaction that attends Relief Society workers everywhere.

South Sevier Stake

The South Sevier Relief Societies cooperating with the stake Genealogical Society conducted a very successful temple excursion, when ordinance work was performed for 137 persons. The stake presidency accompanied the Relief Society workers on this excursion.

The South Sevier stake Relief Society conference was held at the Marysvale ward, Sunday, May 31. A good representation was present from the various wards and an instructive program given, consisting of talks on health, food values, and the value of music in the home, followed by musical numbers.

In the early part of Spring, the Relief Societies of the stake conducted a fly campaign. Each president worked diligently along this line soliciting help from the schools and other public institutions, all of which cooperated willingly in the undertaking. The results of the campaign were very satisfactory and gratifying.

North Central States Mission.

On Thursday evening, August 13, the Minneapolis Relief Society assisted by the Young Ladies and Young Men of the M. I. A. presented a pageant which they called, "Our Relief Society." It showed the first meeting held at Nauvoo, March 17, 1842, those representing the early characters appearing in costume and a chorus behind the scene singing, "Come listen to a prophet's voice." The next scene represented the early days in Utah, when the crops were a failure, and showed some of the women gleaning in the wheat fields as the chorus sang, "Hard times come again no more." The next was a typical literary lesson, the regular teacher giving a sketch of James Whitcomb Riley's life, and other members giving readings and songs from his selections. This was followed by an act in which two Relief Society teachers visited a home and led a discussion on the importance of the extermination of the house fly. Then, while an organ solo was being played, the scene opened

on a Relief Society member entering the home of a family to watch at the bed side of a sick child that the mother might rest. The closing scene was a work meeting held in Scandinavia, the sisters again being in costume and singing, "I have work enough to do, ere the sun goes down." These scenes were connected by short talks making it a continuous story. In closing, the entire congregation sang, "Now let us rejoice."

Liberty Stake

The Liberty stake Relief Society teachers are furnished with a neat visiting card which they leave where families are not at home and on the first visit to new families. Both sides of the card are used, and it read as follows:

(1)

LIBERTY STAKE
Relief Society Teachers

Name.....

Name.....

(2)

You are respectfully invited to attend the regular sessions of the Relief Society held each Tuesday at 2 p. m. in the ward chapel. The lessons given are very instructive and interesting. The following subjects are being treated.

1st Tuesday of each month, Theology—Parables of Christ.

2nd Tuesday of each month, Business Meeting and Sewing.

3rd Tuesday of each month, American Literature.

4th Tuesday of each month, Social Service, the Field of Social Welfare.

Australian Mission.

The following report of the organization of a Relief Society in Perth, West Australia, has just been received from the secretary, Miss Rose Banks.

"Mrs. Carrie S. Hyde, president of the Relief Societies of Australia, with president Charles H. Hyde, visited the West Australian conference, June 14, when the new church was dedicated and a Relief Society organized. There were present at the meeting for the election of officers, 15 women who were desirous of taking part and joining the organization. Mrs. Hyde first of all empha-

sized the fact that an organization would not be successful unless there was co-operation on the part of the members and a spirit of harmony, that the members must support the officers, and abide by their rulings and instructions. President Charles H. Hyde, after pointing out that it was absolutely essential that the officers receive the support of the members in order that the work should be successful, proposed that Mrs. Jane Davis be appointed president, Mrs. Lucy Wallace and Mrs. Elsie Wood, counselors. These sisters were unanimously sustained in these positions. It was decided to appoint the secretary, treasurer and class leader at the first meeting of the Society. Mrs. Hyde then explained the work of the organization stressing its great importance and the help that it would be, not only to the needy, but to each individual member and to the conference as a whole. She stated that it was work which had been organized by the word of the Lord and that if the officers and members united, the work would prosper; and if they put their trust in the Lord they would be successful. She expressed confidence that the women in the West Australian conference would work unitedly together, and that the Lord would abundantly bless them in their labors. President Hyde then set the officers apart for this work.

On the following Wednesday, June 24, the first meeting of the Society was held, when Rose O. Banks was appointed secretary-treasurer of the organization, Mrs. Dolly Banks and Mrs. Clayton were chosen as class leaders. It was decided to hold weekly meetings, and Monday night was chosen as the most suitable night for all to meet as on this night they would be able to meet by themselves."

Moapa Stake

IN MEMORIAM

St. Thomas has sustained a great loss in the passing of Mrs. Martha Ellen Gentry, one of the most noble pioneers and beloved citizens of the Moapa Valley, whose death occured May 18, 1925. Mrs. Gentry was born in Toquerville, Utah, in 1859, her parents being among the first settlers of that place. She had a vivid recollection of the hardships and Indian troubles that beset the early settlers at that time. She grew to womanhood in Panaca and while there was greatly interested in Church affairs, being an active worker in the Primary and ward Relief Society. About 1886, she with her husband moved to St. Thomas, where she continued her activities in Church work. She acted as president of the ward Relief Society until 1912, when the Moapa stake was organized. At this time she was called to act as president of the Relief Society of the new stake, which position she held at the time of her death.

Mrs. Gentry had a profound faith in God, and a strong and

abiding testimony of the Gospel. Throughout her life, she sought to practice its teachings, ministering to many hundreds in times of sickness and need. Verily she has earned a great reward. She was the mother of nine children, six of whom survive her.

The stake Relief Society was reorganized, August 30, 1925, with the following officers: President, Lois E. Jones; counselors, Viola Earl and Mary E. Wells; secretary-treasurer, Ellen Perkins.

European Mission.

The Edinburgh Relief Society which was reorganized in December, 1924, is a most energetic branch with a membership of 15, an average attendance of 10, and frequent visitors. For a number of months meetings were held at the home of the president, Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford, but through the work and energy of the members, the society is now able to pay rent for a hall in Picardy Place and is thus self-supporting. Funds have been raised by candy sales and by knitting socks, making pillow cases, towels and other

THE EDINBURGH RELIEF SOCIETY

articles for sale. The society meets weekly, on Tuesday, from 7.30 to 9:30 p. m., and will continue through the summer. The lessons in the *Magazine* are followed and supplemented by discussions. The members were very much interested in the article on Scott and the Scottish people in the *Relief Society Magazine,* written by the editor, Mrs. Alice L. Reynolds. This article was read at one of the regular meetings. The chief aim of this Society as stated by the officers is, "To live and help one another and to do everything possible for those who are unfortunate." The officers are: Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford, president, Mrs. Waldie and Mrs. Mary Allen, Counselors, Miss Jeanie Percy, Secretary and organist.

Guide Lessons for December

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

THE MOSAIC Dispensation

TIME: From the Calling of Moses to the Coming of Christ,

PART I

A. *Moses' Premortal Estate.*

1. He was foreordained.

Joseph Smith, the Prophet, said, on May 12, 1844: "Every man who has a calling to minister to the inhabitants of the world was ordained to that very purpose in the grand council of heaven before the world was." (See *Compendium*, Gems, page 285.)

In the light of the above declaration and a knowledge of the great spiritual work done by Moses, we are justified in saying that what was recorded of Jeremiah could have been said of Moses. (See Jer. 1:5.)

2. He was a man of prophetic promise.

That the preparation of Moses for his mission as a dispensator was a matter of special consideration in the spirit world is made plain in the Book of Mormon, II Nephi, 3:9, 10, 17.

B. *In Mortality.* 120 years. (Deut. 34:7.)

1. *The first forty years.* With idolators, but under the protection of the Lord. The evil one had special interest in the captivity or the destruction of Moses, and the Lord had special interests in his preservation. Satan, as he always will be in a contest with God, was defeated.

(a) *Born under a death sentence* of a Devil-inspired King. (Ex. 1:22.) The heinousness of this crime against children had its parallel in the edict of Herod. In each case the cause was jealousy, the major part of which is always cowardice.

(b) *Saved by a mother of superior intelligence.* While the infants of other mothers were being discovered and drowned, she kept her babe from the Egyptian officers for three months. When others paid the penalty of the awful edict she obeyed the letter of the law and escaped the consequences of its evil spirit. There is no room to doubt that God added inspiration to her intelligence. (Ex. 2:2, 3.)

(c) *Becomes the adopted grandson of the King.* No matter how kind the daughter of Pharaoh may have been in disposition, her gentleness had against it the prejudice of the nobility and of

the populace against anything Hebrew. Egyptian nobility had passed through one experience of having a Hebrew slave placed over them, but her compassion was intensified and her courage strengthened by the same power which impelled the mother of Moses to do the unusual. (Ex. 2:6-10.)

(d) *A scholar, educated by Egyptians* but not impressed by their idolatry. He stood in the front ranks both as scholar and athlete. (See Acts 7:22.) The Levite parents of Moses could not pray *with* their boy Moses, but how they must have prayed for him.

2. *The second forty years.* (Acts 7:23.) He is with nature, under the inspiration of the Almighty.

(a) *His heroism.* 1. In avenging oppression. See Ex. 2:11-15. Lincoln, when a young man, said of slavery: "If ever I get a chance, I will hit that thing hard." Was not his spirit Mosaic? 2. In repulsing the ruffians. (See Ex. 2:17.) How like his ancestor Jacob was the heroic Moses. It was a case where "blood tells." A real nobleman will always see that women are protectd in their rights.

(b) *Heart-power employment.* Next to caring for children, the duties of a shepherd in olden time developed a tenderness of feeling the habits of faithfulness. Moses had exchanged the sword for the shepherd's can of which God was to make a wand of matchless power. (Ex. 3:1.)

(c) *Isolation and meditation.* With an exceptional mind, trained to think. Moses in his isolation from the sham and surgings of society, communed with nature, the handmaid of God.

Every great person and every great people have had periods of isolation. Each of us needs a short period every day to commune with nature and nature's God.

Whoever neglects secret prayers sets aside the opportunity for the development of noble personality.

3. *The third forty years.* (See Ex. 7:7; Acts 7:30.)

Working with the Lord as a servant and as a son. (See Num. 12:7 and P of G. P., Moses 1:4.)

(a) *The dispensational call.* 1. The burning bush.—The spirit of the Lord illuminates without consuming, but the spirit of the evil one consumes without illuminating. Ex. 3:22. The rod of power. There is the possibility of venom in power. It was no harmless snake that Moses fled from. See Ex. 4:3-4. Moses was learning the one great theological lesson of implict obedience as a preparation for the safe possession of power.

(b) *The triumph of the Holy Priesthood over Egyptian Sorcery.* In the end the authority of God will overcome all else. Trickery must go down before the truth. Such was the lesson taught by the contest. (See Ex. 7:9-12.)

(c) *Perfect faith at the seashore.* The assurance that God lives, the assurance that He has power and the assurance that one's conduct is in harmony with the will of God, all as gifts from God—this is perfect faith. With the sea in front of them and the Egyptian army behind them, Israel's leader *shouted*: *"Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."* The command was the expression of perfect faith. (Ex. 14:13.) The eloquence of that utterance is excelled only by the command, "Peace, be still." Panic-stricken Israel obeyed the one and the elements obeyed the other. One was the call of delegated authority, the other was the command of inherent authority. In days of doubt or fear or even rising rebellion, every one of us needs the faith to hear and heed the Mosaic call, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

(d) *The sacrifice at Sinai.* Moses had given up his princely position and the possibilities of national fame for the possibility of aiding enslaved Israel and was betrayed by those he sought to help. He had sacrificed the peace of a pastoral life for a conflict with the wizards of counterfeit wisdom and the burdens of leadership of a wayward people. And now he set aside an offer of exaltation and offered to God his registration in the Book of God's election to save the worshipers of a Golden Calf from banishment from the recognition and care of the Lord. (See Ex. 32:9, 10, 31, 32.)

(e) *Marvelous authorship.* Who today can hope to write a book that will be on the lead in three thousand years from now? The five books of Moses in the Bible hold high place in human interest. The best literature of the Hebrew race and of the Christian world is all flavored with Mosaic authorship. Moses as a writer fulfilled prophecy. See II Nephi 1, 8, 7.

(f) *The passing away with the Keys of the Holy Priesthood.* See Compendium, Gems, page 287.

True to his "meekness" Moses accepted without complaint the sentence passed upon him by the Lord and went to the place where he was to see the end of his life as leader of Israel. It was a place of contest. Michael, the arch-angel, and Lucifer, his opponent in the war in heaven, were there. They contended concerning the body of Moses. Did the Lord decide that Moses should be translated? Satan certainly would have no use for the dead body; he would have an interest in demanding that Moses be deprived of his body and sent back to the spirit world as far removed as possible from the field where Satan is permitted to operate. See Deut. 33:48-52; 34:4, and especially Jude 9.

(g) *Moses Since God "Buried Him."*

1. He met on the mountain with the Savior, Elias, Peter James and John, when the Father's voice was heard (See Matt. 17;

1-9). This was evidently one of the greatest meetings ever held on the earth.

2. He restored the Keys of the Gathering of Israel at the Kirtland Temple, April 3, 1836. (See Doc. and Cov., 110:11.)

So Moses has, in person, taken part in three gospel dispensations.

Questions and Problems

1. Give theological proof that Moses was foreordained for his mission.
2. Show that the mother of Moses was a woman of rare intelligence.
3. What reasons have we for believing that Moses resembled Jesus? (See Pearl of Great Price, Moses 1:3.)
4. Show that the meekness of Moses consisted in obeying the Lord and refusing to obey Satan. (See Pearl of Great Price, Moses 2:12-22.)
5. Show that Moses was a participant in three gospel dispensations.
6. Discuss Moses as one who completed the cycle of existence described in the Hymn, "Oh my Father."
7. Discuss the Statement: "Moses has been moving the world for more than 3,000 years and is still moving it."
8. Show that Moses, the leader of ancient Israel, was under the personal direction of Jehovah, the Christ, yet unborn as the "Only Begotten." See Exodus 6:1-8.

LESSON II

(Second Week in December)

Work and Business

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR DECEMBER

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

1. Broadcast Christmas cheer and make yourself happy by serving others.
2. Allow nothing to enter the home or the hearts of those who dwell there to crush the true Christmas spirit.
3. Recall the last incidents in Christ's life to realize the value of this true spirit.
4. Christ's greatest gift was himself in service of those who needed spiritual food and comfort.
5. No Latter-day Saint family can afford to neglect the opportunity afforded at this season of the year to teach and encourage the spirit of peace and good will toward all.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in December)

AMERICAN POETS AND THE WORLD WAR

The great world-war stimulated a number of talented poets in England, Canada and the United States. Unfortunately a great many of these men and women were victims of the war in one way and another. Of these poets America claims Joyce Kilmer, Alan Seeger and Charles Divine.

The American public received a shock, in August, 1918, over which it has hardly yet recovered, when the daily press carried the news that Joyce Kilmer had fallen in action; for Joyce Kilmer had written "Trees," and "Trees" is one of the most exquisite poems ever written by an American. The poem was written for Mrs. Kerry Mills Alden:

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Soon after Joyce Kilmer's death, Mr. Irving Clarke, a citizen of the state of Massachusetts wrote this tribute to him which appeared in the *New York Times*: "I have been looking at the tree tops silhouetted against the sun's sky and reverently recalling Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." From his boyhood on the banks of the old Raritan, through the beautiful years of his poetic young manhood to his heroism in the fight for freedom, Joyce Kilmer grew strong and beautiful as a tree in the open, under the sky. His tribute to the trees is immortal, his tribute to humanity is celestial."

"I think that I shall never scan
A tree as lovely as a man,
A tree depicts divinest plan,
But God himself lives in a man."

When Rupert Brooke, the young English poet, fell upon the battlefield, it was Joyce Kilmer who wrote the most touching tribute on this side of the Atlantic. Occasionally a man in paying tribute to another writes his own best epitaph; this Joyce Kilmer has done, so we include it in the lesson:

IN MEMORY OF RUPERT BROOKE

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped with half his song unsung;
His arm is still that struck to make men free.

But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung,
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde;
Today the starry roof of Heaven rings
With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord.

And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword."

ALAN SEEGER

Alan Seeger was born in New York on June 22, 1888. His parents who were of old New England stock moved to Staten Island when Alan was a baby one year of age. He received his preparatory education at the Staten Island Academy and the Horace Mann School, and his college work at Harvard University. The war was only three weeks old when Seeger went to France and enlisted. He loved France and was willing to fight for it.

Seeger was invited to write a poem to be read before the statues of Lafayette and Washington, in Paris, on Decoration Day, during the period of his service. The committee, consisting of American residents of France, asked that he write an ode in memory of the American volunteers fallen for France. His leave of absence did not arrive in time for him to attend the service, but fortunately the poem was written. It is one of the noblest poems of the war.

Mr. William Archer has written an account of Alan Seeger's death so we include it in Mr. Archer's words:

"On July 1, the great advance began. At six in the evening of July Fourth, the Legion was ordered to clear the enemy out of the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. Alan Seeger advanced in the first rush, and his squad was enfilated by the fire of six German machine guns, concealed in a hollow way. Most of them went down, wounded in several places. * * * As his comrades came up to him, Alan cheered them on, and they left him behind; as they passed on they heard him singing a marching song in English. They took the village, they drove the invaders out; but for some reason unknown, perhaps

a very good reason, the battlefield was left unvisited that night. Next morning Alan Seeger lay dead."

Like Joyce Kilmer, Alan Seeger wrote his own best epitaph in the poem prepared for Decoration Day. We quote it:

"Aye, it is fitting on this holiday,
Commemorative of our soldier dead,
When, with sweet flowers of our New England May,
Hiding the lichened stones by fifty years made grey,
Their graves in every town are garlanded,
That pious tribute should be given, too,
To our intrepid few,
Obscurely fallen here beyond the seas.

* * * * *

Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.

* * * * *

There, holding still, in frozen steadfastness,
Their bayonets towards the beckoning frontiers,
They lie—our comrades—lie among their peers,
Clad in the glory of fallen warriors.
Grim clusters under thorny trellises,
Dry, furthest foam upon disastrous shores,

* * * * *

And on those furthest ruins of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires
When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers:—
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours."

One of the finest stanzas from the pen of Alan Seeger, having in mind the Americans who died in France, reads:

"Opposed to their Elysian quietude;
Our salutations calling from afar,
From our ignoble plane
And indistinction of our lesser parts;
Hail, brothers, and farewell: you are twice blest, brave hearts;
Double your glory is who perished thus,
For you have died for France and vindicated us."

Some critics say that "I have a rendezvous with Death," is the poem above all others that gives Alan Seeger his place with the best of the poets of the last war. The first and second stanzas of that poem follow:

"I have a rendezvous with Death,
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death.
When Spring brings back blue days and fair,

"It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land,
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him, still—
I have a rendezvous with Death,
On some scarred slope of batterd hill;
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear."

CHARLES DIVINE

Charles Divine was a private in the Army, belonging to the 27th Division U. S. A. Before the war Divine was a reporter on the *New York Sun,* and in leisure moments he wrote verses for *Life, Smart Set* and various other magazines. Already his verses had attracted some attention, but the war made them conspicuous.

He was born January 20, 1899, at Binghampton, New York. He grew very impatient in the military camp, in the U. S. A., and was apparently greatly pleased when his division was ordered to France. In a letter written after the order came, he said: "Being with the sanitary troops, expect to go through the war unharmed and come back and be run over by a baby carriage."

The best pen sketches of soldier life, so far as America's contribution is concerned, were written by Charles Divine. Joyce Kilmer and Alan Seeger wrote of the great sacrifice, Charles Divine of actual soldier life.

In one of his sketches the poet writes first of the oak trees and pine trees near the camp, and then he says:

"Here soldiers sit bent over tubs
And wash their clothes with rythmic rubs.
Through leaves, white-tipped, each open space
Floods moonlight, patterned songs, and lace;
A silver bush on moon-sprayed ground
Breathes music sweeter than a sound.
Where beauty is, are loves, desires,
Night's vague and vibrant softness fires;
Adventures brighten in the South—
Where romance calls from full-lipped mouth—
And see! the lifted arms hang still,
A moment's doubt that guns can kill.
Then scrubbing hands forget the night:
'Who's got the soap? The grease sticks tight'."

The *Lavender Lantern,* gives us another sketch of soldier life, which has been described as, "as honest and charming a bit of verse as ever came from a poet turned soldier:"

"I wonder who is haunting the little snug cafe,
That place, half restuarant and home, since we have gone away;
The candled dimness, smoke and talk, and tables brown and bare—
But no one thinks of table cloths when love and laughter's there."

The war of the American Revolution gave us a group of poets as did also the Great Civil War; and in the output of poetry

that has come to us from the Great World War we have an example of history repeating itself. Any period of time that tries and stirs men's souls as do the times of war is sure to develop a group of singers.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Joyce Kilmer was a religious man who believed in the Divinity of Christ. Do you discover anything in the poem "Trees" that marks him as a religious man?

2. Explain the lines:

"Today the starry roof of Heaven rings
With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord."

Who was the soldier who made the psalms to praise his Lord?

3. Select from Alan Seeger's poem, written to be read on Decoration Day, in Paris, lines descriptive of the mode of warfare in the last great war.

4. What does the word rendezvous mean?

5. Explain the lines in Charles Divine's poem:

"And see! the lifted arms hang still,
A moment's doubt that guns can kill."

6. What evidence is there in this poem of Charles Divine that he loves nature?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

THE SPIRIT OF SOCIAL WORK

It has been the purpose of the discussions in this department for the past two years to point out some existing social problems and to discuss some of the principles of study and treatment that are followed by the students of social science of our day. As the closing lesson in this course of methods in welfare work, it perhaps will be valuable to interpret some of the principles and methods previously discussed, in the light of the theory and philosophy of social work.

Social work, in its broadest sense, is as old as the history of mankind. The sick and the old and the helpless have always been given some sort of attention and care. The crippled and aged, begging on the streets, dependent on the bounty of almsgivers, are familiar figures in fiction and history.

The early Christian Church undertook to shelter and care for the aged, the orphans, the sick and the helpless. Various religious orders sheltered the homeless, took provisions to the destitute, and trained nurses to administer to the sick.

The state, too, has felt some obligation for the care of its citizens. Wounded soldiers and the orphans of soldiers were recognized as a state responsibility even in old Roman days. Hospital and institutional care by the state were gradually extended until it found its most inclusive, and perhaps its most inhumane, functioning in the workhouse of the nineteenth century. The sick, the delinquent, the aged, the criminal, and the orphans were all crowded together, made to care for one another, and all fed on the most miserable fare. In our country the outstanding example was the Bellevue Workhouse in New York City of fifty years ago, which is now reformed into a modern public hospital.

Another form of beneficence administered by the state, has been the granting of small sums by city or county units, to their unfortunate members. This relief has been termed "out-door" relief to distinguish such assistance from institutional care. It was for many years a subject for controversy among public officials, whether the policy of giving outdoor relief instead of sending all the needy to the workhouse did not increase the number of indigents. Such an inquiry, superficial as it seems now, was perhaps one of many that led thoughtful persons to closer study of the problems of economic failure and to attempt to find methods that would relieve the world of the problems of failure and dependency.

So the first of the modern studies of social problems centered about economic failures and dependency. The most optimistic social economists of a few decades ago were confident that the abolition of poverty was possible by industrial reform. There followed an encouraging era of betterment of industrial conditions. The wage scale increased, working conditions were improved, children were legislated out of factories, and women were given some industrial protection. At this time, legislation was enacted to better living conditions, to improve building and sanitary conditions and to protect tenants from exploitation. Workmen's compensation acts were passed to protect the workman and his family in case of injury or death.

Admirable as these and other social reforms are, it was found that the problem of poverty and dependency was not solved. There were still a number in every community who fail to be self-maintaining. So the trend of study and research in social problems of the last quarter century has extended into a more personal study of causes and treatment of social maladjustments. The emphasis of many recent studies has been on the individual, and on the individual causes of failure. The treatment applied has been personal, individual treatment, in contrast with the disbursing of doles or the crowding into a workhouse of less than fifty years ago.

The social workers of today, then, realize that the treatment of social problems depends upon a two-fold program; first, upon

a continued legislative program and upon the improvement of the environment, including industrial conditions and educational and recreation facilities; and second, upon a growing ability to understand individual capacities and limitations, and to adjust the individual in a sphere that will foster his greatest development.

The early faith that poverty and other social ills could be remedied still motivates much of our social work. It is true that intelligent treatment can often change the social failure into a self-maintaining individual. A tubercular man, if given proper treatment during the first year or two of his illness, can be returned to his place in society and can continue as the breadwinner of the family. Likewise, by investing adequate care and education in a child, who is dependent because of the death or failure of his parents, he can be trained to become a useful and successful member of society. It is also recognized that by providing an income to a widow with a family of children, perhaps for a long period of time, the normal development of this family is made possible. Under such circumstances, the expenditures of private or public funds, is justified, for there are now a great many studies which show that such investments pay the community dividends in rehabilitated, useful, and independent members of society.

But as social workers have become more analytical of their work, they have found that providing funds and medical care and vocational training, etc., did not always result in adjusting a failing individual or in steadying an unstable family. The fields of psychology and medicine, in many instances, make it possible to predict whether a person can be expected to be successful. The mental expert can measure an individual's alertness and capabilities, and can direct the type of endeavor in which he is most likely to succeed. It has been found that certain individuals have limitations which they can not overcome, and no great measure of success can be expected of them. If the responsibilities of adult life, of providing for a family, or keeping house and caring for a number of children, is too difficult and intricate, perhaps assistance of some sort will be necessary. It may be advisable to find the man a simpler employment at which he can succeed, or to give the woman kindly assistance and training in the essentials of child care.

It has also been found that certain individuals need permanent assistance, supervision, or hospitalization. It may be that some day individuals, now considered more or less permanently afflicted, can be restored to health and activity, but until that day, society must assume the responsibility of providing kindly and adequate care for them—the feebleminded, the maimed, the epileptic, the mentally ill, etc.

The task of the social worker is obviously not a simple one. The old method of giving provisions or funds upon request, at irregular periods, can have no constructive wholesome effect on

the recipient. Likewise, to withhold relief because it appeared that the family was careless or indolent, could have no great beneficent effect. The causes of failure are so complex and interwoven, and the road to rehabilitation is such a long and discouraging one, that temporary interest and haphazard giving is a very little contribution. The only care that is constructive is based upon careful study of the environment, history, health and capacities of the individuals concerned, and upon a long period of interested, intelligent treatment.

The responsibilities of the social worker are so great and the progress often so slow that the first reaction is one of discouragement and futility. It is true that one individual contribution to the field of social service is infinitesimal, but is this not true in any field of endeavor, art, science, education, or statecraft? The faith of the social worker must lie not in her own contribution to any particular problem, but in the spirit and organization of social work. A society, in which the stronger and abler, feel and assume a responsibility for its weaker members, can not fail, in the end, to make a great contribution to human progress and happiness. It is the social worker's reward to be a part of an organization that seeks to extend human development and happiness.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Why was the early Christian church active in caring for the unfortunate?
2. Why was the care given at a workhouse inadequate and inhumane?
3. Why cannot the problem of poverty be entirely solved by industrial reform?
4. Why does it pay to give adequate care to the family of a sick man? Of a widowed family?
5. Why is long, continued supervision of a family sometimes necessary?

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Susan Coolidge

He serves his country best
  Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths however others stray,
  And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all men may read;
  This is the better way.
No drop but serves the slowly drifting tide;
  No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
  And man by man, each helping all the rest,
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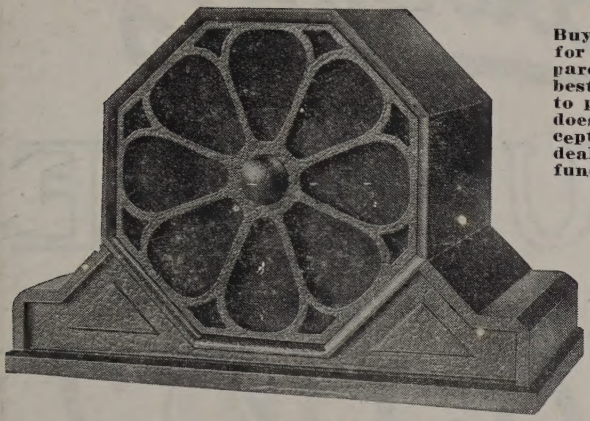

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